

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 4.

THREE GIFTS.

—
Their grateful gifts the Magi brought
From out the distant desert East,
To honor the frail Child who wrought
Them a place at Redemption's feast.
In Heaven above.

Then to the lonely Saviour dear
The first presents his glitt'ring gold.
In humble spirit full of fear,
With one request by words not told
He asks for his love.

Sweet frankincense the second brings,
The produce of his own dear land,
Its fragrance sweet on airy wings
Ascends on high to heaven's strand
Now forever more.

In humility's garb all true
The third presents with falt'ring feet
His myrrh, as clear as azure blue.
And now they sing God's praises sweet
On the unseen shore.

N. S. N.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SELF-CONCEITED always and often ridiculously envious are the ways of the vain-glorious world. Boastful ambition destroys more than humble genius can bring forth. Numberless men experience daily this frivolity, forgetfulness and hatred, but singularly enough none more frequently and more keenly than an unfortunate, but true genius. Standing pre-eminently conspicuous, he must suffer the cruel attacks of all ambitious aspirants to an elevated position in Fame's marble temples, whose talents and industry fall short of their chosen goal. Poisoned by slander, barbed by calumny and ridicule were the arrows aimed at the poet by those heinous emulators, who never think, that the unfortunate are extremely sensitive and feel most quickly the least pain. To them an unkind word or a discourageing remark are the cause of more wretchedness than years of charity and good will can ever blot out.

Thus was the weary life of Edgar A. Poe, born January, 19, 1809, a year that gave birth to many great men. His pilgrimage on earth was bitter and sorrowful indeed. All hardships and misfortunes that can beset the course of a lifetime were thrown as so many stumbling-blocks into his narrow path. At an early age death claimed both his father and mother; almost before his infant tongue was able to lull those two sweet words, so dear to every child's heart, he was cast friendless,

homeless, and guideless into the surging sea of life. A wealthy friend, Mr. Allan, adopted the poor orphan. The first instructions he received there were anything but suited to the disposition of that high-spirited boy. To him was given only destructive flattery for his extraordinary beauty, and serpent-like adulation for the accomplishments of his excessive precosity. The inevitable result was that he became exceedingly proud, wayward and vain-glorious. These evil traits of character were the paved highways that led him swiftly to his early doom. But the terrible responsibility of his wretched and disorderly life must be placed into other hands; those of his father's by adoption: Poe's cannot be held accountable; for had those to whom he had been entrusted smothered the first glowing flame of that wanton pride and extreme sensitiveness in his youthful heart, America's greatest poetical genius would have produced nobler works in his manhood.

The time he spent at school in England were the happiest days of his life, but even their joyousness was often marred. His lofty spirit was ever restless. In those childhood days already his fiery ardor, his boundless enthusiasm, and especially his decisive imperiousness made him many enemies; intimate friends, however, were not wanting. There it was that he was imbued with that classic lore which is perceptible in all his later writings. Mr. Allan now spared no expenses to give his adopted son a thorough education, but the evil seed sown in childhood had sprouted and could not be eradicated. Having re-

turned to his native land after a few years' sojourn in fair Albion, Poe entered the University of Virginia, which institution has of late recognized the abilities of her much slandered but truly gifted son, and perpetuated his memory with a worthy monument. Indeed, Poe is not so shallow as some biased, inimical, and maladroit critics would have us believe.

University life was against Poe's grain. However, he overcame his restless propensity to distracting adventures and remained one year, during which time the progress he made in his studies was ever satisfactory. Next a stormy desire for military glory took possession of his morbid spirit. He had underestimated the rigor of military discipline; to surrender his will to another, to practice the sublime virtue of obedience was for him too severe and constraining; hence within a short time after he had entered the Academy at West Point, he willfully effected his own expulsion. It was about this time that he began to drink the very dregs of his bitter cup. He had now arrived at that age when the American youth thinks he is able to stand on his own feet and have things all his own way. Differences arising between Mr. Allan and the young poet, the latter was disinherited and cast penniless upon the mercy of a most selfish world.

From this time until he heard the unflinching summons of death, his life was a checkered career of wanderings, poverty, and all misfortunes that can befall mortal man. First he traveled from country to country, twice crossing the wild Atlan-

tic in his vain search after happiness and self-satisfaction, even as Lord Byron seeking distraction in foreign wars; then he roamed about in his own dear land, taking charge of a magazine here and there, writing strong editorials or pungently acrimonious criticisms, always entertaining the fond hope that he would soon be enabled to establish a paper which he could call his own. This was the prime aim of all his efforts, but a complete failure.

A weird gloominess, often verging on despair, continually gnawed at the poet's heart. Add to this his utter indigence and the melancholy feeling of being despised by all mankind, then it will not be difficult to comprehend in what hypochondriac sorrows he pined away the greater part of his earthly existence. After his marriage to Virginia Clemm, who was to him a kind guardian angel, his bitter conditions were somewhat ameliorated, at least he could again say that he possessed a home. What is more charming and beautiful! He had an object whereon to rest his affections, a companion who would willingly bear with him all dismal misfortunes and acrid toils, to whom he could communicate all his joys and sorrows, thus increasing the delights of the one and lessening the burdens of the other. The great influence she exercised over Poe's character can be clearly perceived if we consider his most desolate and disorderly life after she had been snatched from him by death's cruel hand. There was then no more consolation for him on earth. A black depression of spirit took possession of him; unmerciful melan-

choly quickly shortened the days of his fast fading life. He had only reached his fortieth mile-stone when his afflicted soul fled from her earthly bondage.

As a critic Poe was ever severe. No weakness in the writings of his contemporaries escaped his scrutinizing observation. He took them to task severely when needed, but also failed not to bestow praise when it had been well merited. With him there was no wavering or supposing, his judgment was profound, his insight clear; in bold and straightforward language he gave his readers to understand that he was sincere in all he said. Seldom it occurred that he was caught napping in his utterances. His criticisms were always read with avidity; that magazine in which his name appeared remained not long on the bookseller's shelf.

They were these stringent criticisms, in which he clearly exposed to the public view the shallowness of many editors and publishers, that wrought for him a whole chain of enemies who left no means untried to destroy his popularity and cast odium on his name; whereas had they heeded his advice, they would have attained more honorable distinctions in the literary world. To enumerate all the unjust attacks made on him, especially those which were prompted by pure envy and personal enmity, would be as useless as well as idle task. In all literary history there is no one more shamefully maligned than our own genius, musical Poe, who certainly deserves a better recognition for his labors from his countrymen whose literary standard is by no means too high.

Some of Poe's malicious and obdurate personal enemies would constantly endeavor in their downward course of calumny, slander and detraction to make people believe that he was addicted to strong drinking. As a proof they say his father was a drunkard, therefore he was one also. Your forefathers were pagans, therefore you are one. How these idiots must admire their idiosyncratical reasoning! With one and the same stroke of the pen they make an accusation, and again deny it. Every sensible man will give preference to the better side. Only fools and extreme pessimists do otherwise. Why then believe such biased writers who, when it seems advantageous to their petty interests, color their fellow-men pitch black, if they are guilty or not. Many of Poe's biographers have done this simply from envy and malice, because his popularity as a writer exceeded their notoriety as scribblers. Undoubtedly Poe had his faults. But why divulge them and conceal his good qualities? Who will credit their vile intrigues? No one but narrow-minded bigots like themselves. No matter how fine and carefully the malignant web has been woven, the sunlight of justice will one day pierce its meshes and expose the cruel hydra which it veils. Why not give faith to the words of Poe's personal friends and acquaintances with whom he lived and labored? They unanimously declare that, though a lover of strong drinks, he never was a drunkard. It is devilish enough to slander and belittle the living, but when a man seeks vengeance by calumniating the dead he clearly shows that his foolishness is dearer to

him than common sense. Every man has his own peculiar idiosyncrasies and marked individuality. Why should not these fools have theirs?

Of all Poe's writings, none are read with greater eagerness than his tales, wild, frantic and extravagant as they are. They bear an irresistible charm which catches adventure-loving hearts and pleases novelty-seeking and romantic minds. They are above the ordinary. The plot is always well laid and faithfully executed; the style always elegant, at times flowery, always vigorous and forcible. Poe seldom fails to adapt his expressions to the circumstances he is depicting. For light and exhilarating narration one must not read Poe's tales. They are the expression of the writers weary loneliness and melancholy disposition, often verging on despair. A solemn dreariness, an awe-inspiring gloominess, a frigid dullness, ghostly and ghastly aspects, a fretful melancholy, a plaintive voice of ill-treatment and bitter forgetfulness can easily be traced in all his works. Such is his prose. And as Lord Byron is styled the "poet of despair," so Poe may be called the writer of melancholy stories.

As a poet his hilarity consists only in his music; that all pervading spirit of restlessness and cheerless sombrousness never forsakes him. Even in the "Raven", his master-production, it is clearly discernible, yet this is the poem that created his fame. Even to this day the mere recital of it goes to the heart of any audience. What then must have been the effect when the author himself with his charmingly silvery voice wailed

forth his own unbroken "Nevermore." Among all fugitive poems produced in any language this surely holds the first place undisputed. Its versification is dignified and harmonious; the happiness and ingenuity of expression speak boldly for its subtlety of conception; the consistent imaginative flow will always delight readers who love the produce of a vivid imagination. Poe's "Raven" has fulfilled its mission, it stands unique, a class of poetry in itself, unsurpassed.

There is a delightfully musical strain in all of Poe's verses. His very rhythm is easy flowing music. The dullest ears will be caught by its magnificent strains even as the weakest eyes enjoy the first green blades of approaching spring.

"In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominions
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!"

The onomatophoeia in the "Bells" has not yet its equal. By the mere reading you hear the joyous sound of festive bells; the merry tinkling of silvery bells as the spirited steed skims over the frozen snow; the dull clamor of the iron hammer, as it informs drowsy men of approaching dangers. Joys and sorrows alike are faithfully expressed.

Alas for poor Poe! The world did not understand his ways and drove him to madness by the numberless deadly arrows aimed at his sensitive heart. It had brought unhappy Keats to an untimely grave, how then could morbid Poe await

the arrival of gray locks? Even after inexorable death had claimed him as his victim, the lying serpent ceased not her slander, but would have buried the Muse's favorite beneath Vulcan's rusty forge had the mighty smith permitted. "Times go by turns" and the immolators will yet become the victims. Foul play will not endure forever.

True it is, Poe was a bitter disappointment to mankind and especially to American literature. He possessed a rare and peculiar genius. Fine poetical talents had been given him, but on every side mountains of difficulties reared their icy peaks. Adverse circumstances occupied his path wherever he turned his steps. All these he was obliged to conquer. Had his spirit of courage and perseverance been equal to his genius and talents, Poe would now occupy a nobler and an undisputed shrine on sublime Parnassus. True, indeed, from such a gifted author men had a right to expect more. But since he has not given us all, why deny him credit for what he has given.

A brother poet has nobly and truthfully characterized him:

"Two mighty spirits dwelt in him:
One a wild demon, weired and dim.
The darkness of whose ebon wings
Did shroud unutterable things.
One a fair angel in the skies
Of whose serene, unshadowed eyes
Were seen the lights of Paradise.

To these in turn he gave the whole
Vast empire of his brooding soul.
Now filled with strains of heavenly swell,
Now thrilled with awful tones of hell;
Wide were his being's strange extreme
'Twixt nether glooms, and Eden gleams,
Of tender or majestic dreams."

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

DEBATES AND THEIR IMPORT.

Address delivered Dec. 21, 1900.

THERE never was a time, both ancient and modern, when the "art of speaking" constituted a more potent factor in public as well as in private life than in our day. There, likewise, never has been a period marking the pages of the world's history, when the gift of eloquence, or the talent for debate, was of so great demand and of so vast influence to questions social, political and ecclesiastical, than the last few decades of the closing century. A well-nigh perennial call is imposed upon the orator of to-day, to give vent to his gift of "oral expression" in the pulpit and on the lecture platform, at meetings and associations for all sorts of objects, at festivals and parties, in short, at all public and private occasions, be they great or small. Nay, so vital and so significant has this well-nigh perennial call become, that, casually, say for instance in election and trial emergencies, it involves our very national existence, the honor of our government, and the welfare of our people.

My friends, what does this state of affairs, more prevalent in this fair land of ours than elsewhere, establish? It establishes, beyond all question, the benefit, the value, the importance, nay even the necessity, that our public speakers possess the *true* gift of oratory.

Oratory may be defined as the art of imparting

to others by speech and action all the thoughts, all the ideas, all the images lurking in the inmost recesses of our soul. Unlike the fine arts, such as music, painting, and poetry, oratory cares little or nothing to imbue its admirer with the "disinterested sentiment of beauty". True oratory purposes to itself to penetrate the mind—the soul, and to bear thither a thought, a sentiment capable of touching, of convincing, of persuading. In dignity and eminence eloquence is inferior but to philosophy and theology. It possesses the depth, the melody, the brilliancy of music, the profundity, the vividness, the expression of painting, the pathos, the gayety, the sublimity of poetry.

Comparing the "art of speaking" of the present day with that of times past, we find that the former falls below the latter in clearness and soundness of thought, in solidity and succession of argument, in power and elegance of expression. This, however, is not owing to an underrating, to a lack of appreciation of said art. No, it is due to our "strict canons of criticism" and to the constant pressure to exercise it *ex tempore*. Yet, despite marked defects, oratory of to-day has not only lost nothing, but even gained much upon that of days gone by in import, momentousness, and necessity. For, sad to say, is it not in these days of ours more than at any previous time, when the very children of a true and just God, when men, the most intelligent as well as the most illiterate, conspire against truth and war against justice; when vice and unbelief combine their hellish forces, rally round their infernal leader,—the

prince of darkness, for the destruction of faith—man's sole security of eternal bliss. Again, have we not also our avaricious Phillips in the greedy nations of Europe, our depraved Catilines in the selfish private monopolies, our stubborn Arians in the blind folded Liberal Catholics, our deceitful Peels in the Protestant bigots, our seditious Haynes in the bellowing imperialists, our malicious Bismarks in the oppressors of all that is *Roman Catholic*? We have. And if, my friends, as we know, the sharpest daggers had to give place to the flaming sword of eloquence, which alone could bid halt to the unlawful, degrading, scandalizing, unjust, haughty and fiendish proceedings of the Phillips, of the Catilines, of the Arians, of the Peels, of the Haynes, of the Bismarks of the past. then, too, oratory is the only weapon with which we can *confidently* face the Phillips, the Catilines, the Arians, the Peels, the Haynes, the Bismarks of the present. And to do this successfully, we must also have men of the type of a Demosthenes, of a Cicero, of a St. Athanasius, of an O'Connell, of a Webster, of a Windhorst. Men of such type, I say, we need. We need men of true patriotism, of integrity, of Orthodox Faith, of righteousness, of truth, of equity; we need men who fearlessly and successfully with the most formidable of weapons—the gift of "oral expression", defend our country, our home, our religion, our honor and our freedom as *Roman Catholics*; men who possess the greatest of powers—the gift of oratory, which is not an art among arts, not a science among sciences, but a power among powers, — a power

which no other power can replace.

My friends, if eloquence, if oratory, has been, still is, and ever will be the power that sways and controls the destinies of men, of nations and of the world at large, is it not of the gravest importance, nay of the utmost necessity that the future leaders of our people, the future defenders of our Union be now furnished and supplied with the surest of means and the best of opportunities whereby they may procure for themselves this "all-ruling power"? And in whom, my friends, do we see and recognize those future leaders of our people, those future defenders of our Union? In no others, save in our brightest sons—in our young men that annually flock to higher institutions of learning for the pursuit of a liberal training. It is the *voice* of these young men, that, in days to come, is to proclaim from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, under every latitude and longitude, truth and justice,—*God* and *country*. It is to these young men to whom we must confide, entrust the welfare, the honor, the glory, the liberty of the budding generation. And if so, it necessarily follows that every means, every opportunity be afforded to these young men to secure that power—the double-edged sword of eloquence, wherewith they are rendered capable of discharging their future duties with credit and success.

In this, however, that is, in the affordment of such means and such opportunities to those entrusted to their care, our nurseries—our seats of learning,—our colleges and universities are found

wanting; they do all to store the student's mind with every sort of knowledge, but do *little* or *nothing* for him to impart the things acquired to others. They seem not to realize that the education of the young man,—admitted even, that he evince the widest range of knowledge—is incomplete, if he lacks the gift of “oral expression”. It is true, the first and most essential requisite of public men, and more so of public speakers, is, that they have something to say, that is, that they have knowledge, a disciplined mind, and love of truth and justice; apart from this, however, they, as guides and protectors of the mass, must possess the swaying “power of utterance”: they must possess the power to move, to convince, to persuade the multitude, and to impart to it their own knowledge, their own disciplined mind, their own love of truth and justice.

There is no training, no exercise assuring the the future leaders and protectors of the American people,—our young men at colleges and universities, a more satisfactory development of their oratorical genius, a true realization of their high calling, a keener sense of duty, in a word, a greater and better command to move, to convince, to persuade the masses, and to impart to them love of truth and justice, than the exercise of debates. In theory as well as in practice debates excel every other exercise of eloquence. Nay, in as far as their all-pervading principle is “elucidation of truth” and “influence of action” or in other words, is *conviction* and *persuasion*, actual or implied, by way of argumentation and illustration, debates

are the very foundation, upon which every class of oratory—be it deliberative or political, epideictic or demonstrative, forensic or judicial—must be built. But, debates stop not here, they go still farther, they afford the aspirant of eloquence the very *essence* to a manly and persuasive orator. This *essence* consists, first, in the *mode of correct thinking*, second, in the *power of expression*, and third, in the *independence—individuality of thought*.

Mode of correct thinking: This leads the young man to a ready detection of the arguments which subjects placed before him suggest. Moreover, it directs him to a close distinction—discrimination of the weight and import of the arguments and of their bearing upon the subject. Finally, it teaches him to arrange the arguments in such a wise, that their consecution be full, easy, normal and terminate in the strongest of oratorical outbursts—the *climax*.

Power of expression: This supplies the student with the knowledge, how to express his thoughts—his arguments with clearness and conciseness, with elegance and effect. It teaches him to clothe—to convey the arguments in the best words, the best phrases, the best sentences, the best language. It teaches him how to dispose of his words so as to promote strength, of his phrases to add propriety, of his sentences to retain unity, of his language to attract the hearers' attention and gain their sympathy.

Individuality of thought: This breaks the young man's fetters wherewith he is chained to the current unstable opinions of others. It bids him to

defy every apert of thought and action; it commands him to frame his own ideas, to form his own judgment, and to present them to his listeners with sincerity and liberality of heart. It calls upon him to go to the front and, resorting to his own weapons, fight his own battle. It compels him to call all his faculties into play, because they will carry him either to *triumph* or to *disgrace*.

My friends, what educational factor lies not in this independence—this individuality of thought which students, the future leaders and protectors of our nation, gain through debates? “No amount of training under the most skillful elocutionists,” says a famous author, “no amount of reciting—even though it be the rendition of the masterpieces of oratory—can give them (students) this power, that is individuality of thought,—the most essential quality in every true orator.”

My friends, such is the triple import, the triple fruit which young men reap in the “mimic arena of debate”, namely: *mode of correct thinking*, *power of expression*, and *individuality of thought*: a fruit, to which the greatest orators of our land—Webster and Clay owe their fame and success; a fruit that affords the aspirant to eloquence the very essence of a “magnetic orator”; a fruit that gives the youth, be his vocation whatever it may, that state of mind with which he boldly and successfully meets any question and appreciates “the worth of self-framed thoughts strongly expressed”; a fruit that enkindles strife for the highest and the best in individuals, display of disinterested affection in the masses, and love of truth and justice in the nation.

C. M. '01.

THEOPHILUS.

THEOPHILUS was the son of parents esteemed for their virtue and industry. Their home was in a little village in Italy, where already for many years they had lived in peace and happiness.

From his tenderest youth Theophilus was trained to labor and piety. Many years of undisturbed peace and contentment had gone by, when a change occurred which brought sorrow to their home; after but a short illness the good father and husband fell a victim to death's cold hand. Theophilus was now to take his father's place. Not very long had he occupied and acted in his father's stead, when he began to change. His old cheerful manner was gone. Instead of staying at home, as it had been his custom, he would go out and leave his afflicted mother alone, and return not until late.

Alas! how little did he know the fears and hopes, the anxieties and sorrows of her heart in his behalf. He would jest and laugh the hours of life away while her heart was burdened all day long with the desire and prayer that he would be in earnest about the things that are of everlasting peace. She was so very sad, when thinking of the change that had come upon her son. What troubled her so much? Oh! in her son's conduct she foresaw the ruin which needs must come if he would not alter. The intensity of her grief was more than her feeble frame was able to sustain for

any length of time. For long had she suffered an insidious disease, which daily grew worse. One morning she fell extremely ill. Calling Theophilus to her bed-side she said to him in a solemn and most impressive voice: "My dear son, I know my time has come, my hours are counted. Death I do not shrink from, and life I do not desire, save only for the welfare of your soul" Making a last effort to rise, and taking the crucifix into her hand, she whispered 'midst tears: "My son, promise me to look often up to the cross whence our salvation comes and I shall die happily."

These were the last words Theophilus received from the lips of his dying mother. The morning star in its customary brightness glittered over the mountains of fair Italy; cool air, mingled with the perfume of flowers, came up like refreshing incense from the placid sea and the song of birds welcomed the returning light. But Theophilus was insensible to nature's changing beauty. He felt like a solitary in a boundless waste. Deeply affected by the death of his beloved mother, he resolved to follow her last advice. Being now, however, independent he unhappily began to join his old companions and soon became a slave to many bad habits. One day, while yielding again to the promptings of nature's evil inclinations, he met his foster-father, who, though knowing quite well what he was about, asked him: "Where are you going at so late an hour?" Theophilus answered very gruffly, for which his foster-father upbraided him. Theophilus felt the hot blood mounting to his head, but he soothed his wrath with great

effort and went on. Rain was now pouring in streams and a cold wind was blowing, that chilled him through and through. But far from cooling his anger it served only to fan it into a higher flame. On a sudden he caught sight of the bright light from the saloon, sending clear rays into the gloomy darkness. The voices of gaiety and cheer are flung out upon the air. Well did he know the sound and the language of their drunken joys. All this caught his senses in a very unfortunate moment: when he was cold and miserable in body and greatly agitated in mind. "A hot drink," he muttered to himself, "would sooth and quiet my irritated state of mind."

Having effected this compromise with himself he entered the tavern. His jovial friends were throwing dice. Already much addicted to this uncertain game, he was only too eager to join them. Time went by very fast; but every hour was fraught with worse luck. It was now late. The critical moment had come when he should pay. But how amazed they were when they learned that he was not only unable to pay the game, but also his drink. They upbraided him, therefore, most severely, using language that he construed most insulting to his manhood. This was the beginning of a fierce quarrel. Yelling with demoniac ferocity, a hand-to-hand conflict ensued which ended in blood and murder. And to fill his cup of guilt and misery Theophilus was the unhappy Cain. "What a fool am I?" he exclaimed, when realizing the frightful deed he had committed and the terrible curse that was now resting upon

his head. There was nothing to fear, save that one word of his conscience "Murder" and that was reason enough for alarm and for immediate flight. In a fit of madness and irresistible fury he rushed to the door and disappeared under the cover of a black night. All night he passed on over hills and fields regardless of rain and wind, sustained by a fear that rendered him heedless to fatigue. The coming dawn has now begun to tip the edge of the eastern hills with light. Above him the clear, blue dome of Italian skies is all ablaze with a fiery host of stars to which he dares not uplift his guilty eyes. Passing still on through hollow places he keeps watch right and left, lest some one should rush down suddenly upon him from a higher ground. Here and there he sees a solitary shepherd keeping his flocks, or a simple traveller like himself hurrying across the houseless waste. But he is afraid of all and takes the utmost pain to keep himself from being seen. Oh! the long and dreadful journey, attended by the worst of companions—a guilty conscience.

Night had again dropped her somber shadows amid the mountains when he found himself on a solitary place. The darkness of his soul was deeper than the shadows of the night. He seemed to himself an outcast and cursed creature in the howling waste of some wilderness. Weary, hungry from the hardships of the day, the hours of night are multiplied and aggravated by a fearful heart and an excited imagination. Sleep finally overtook his feeble nature. Bare earth suffered him to lay

his guilty head upon her bosom and night in sympathy lent darkness for a cover.

The herald was ushering in another day in all its brightness, when he was roused from his sleep by the terror of a feverish dream. To his greatest confusion he found himself before a rude-walled town. But he dares not approach the gates and ask hospitality. Turning off, he follows a near side-path which leads up a wild, rocky hill, from the top of which he could see all the surrounding country. Suddenly he was startled by the mournful knell of the church bell. It reminded him of the third anniversary of his mother's death and the last impressive words he caught from her dying lips. The happy days of innocent childhood passed reproachingly before his mind. "For so many years I have not been at mass," he muttered regretfully. Then he fell thinking. Neglect of prayer and mass, sins unatoned for by penance had brought him to his inevitable ruin. Drink had played a leading part in the tragedy of his life. Giving vent to thoughts of despair, he is about to put an end to his miserable existence. He grasps for the revolver to execute the awful deed. But to his greatest amazement a first, a second attempt fails. Hesitating a few moments and looking about him he caught sight of a beautiful mission-cross, erected by the wayside. The words of his dying mother re-echoed more forcibly in his soul than ever. Once more he looks up to the cross. Seized by a devout impulse to which he had long been a stranger, he cast aside his fear,

fell on his knees praying with the ardor of a true penitent. It was to him the beginning of a new and better life. It was the last and greatest act of God's mercy to a prayerless and worldly man.

E. HEFELE, '01.

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

When swiftly on the wings of fleeting time
The day into eternity is cast,
Then the fair Queen of night arises fast
And follows quickly past this vale of crime
Her course that leads from all our earthly slime
To nobler goals in heaven's highest blast;
In sid'ral atmosphere to roam at last,
Ere she returneth to our earthly clime.

Oft have I wondered how far thou dost go,
When hidden by myriads of stars from sight,
Who, when thou art veiled, us their brightness show;
Far, far away in courts of starry light
Thy leisure time you spent, else not so slow
Would be thy kind return to us at night.

R. S. '02

WORDS' DISPLAY.

Whate'er you speak
Be short and sleek,
Not vainly phrased
With gossips crazed;
For words' display
At once the liar and fool betray.

S. J. KREMER, '02.

A MODERN FREAK.

OF all the passions which at any time swayed the realms of thought and action in society, none arrived at such eminence and power, as that now predominant as the characteristic of civility and culture. Neither has any before threatened a nation with such dire results to its welfare as the demoralizing influence now shed over our country emanating from a misapprehension of sociality and terminating in the gross sentimentalities of a misrepresented idea of agreeableness. To propagate this caricature of virtue our people are willing to see their noblest sentiments and traits of character verge to degrading effeminacy and stoop to be stigmatized with infamy far beyond endurance to their high-spirited notions of liberty. Its pernicious effects are widely diffused throughout society and have already permeated its mind and feelings so remarkably as to render it notably odious. Surely it cannot be demanded to draw precise lines between the good and bad qualities of this modern whim, for such would be subjecting it to a leveling criticism which in any case is out of order; but permitting it to contain some good which, however, is more than over-spiced with evil, it is entirely obvious that the manner in which it wears its cloak at present it is in the least intolerable to the eyes of uprightness and candor.

Examples to illustrate this statement might be

adduced in endless numbers. If a suitable occasion is offered we need only repair to our modern courts and there contemplate proceedings. A little observation will soon convince us of the havoc this fatal freak creates in the very domain of justice and that too in a place where its total absence would be expected. The lawyer rises from his seat and proceeds to the bar under laborious ceremonies, and performing these he commonly forgets that he holds a position of trust from which grave and weighty duties are incumbent upon him. After a magnificent prelude we hope for the exposure of the naked truth, but in this we are deceived. He continues in his discourse apparently spurning truth and righteousness completely, whilst he gives full scope to his idle talk. The judge and all the jury seems to be of the same cast. All this is done that one might not become displeasing and thereby offend against our effeminated virtue of agreeableness.

Effeminated I have called it, and so it is, for its votaries are ever ready to please such as duty commands them to scorn and to spurn those from whom duty asks a just acknowledgment. Certainly there are noble exceptions to all that has been stated above; and as the intention goes, these, however rare, are not to be drawn with the guilty into effectual scrutiny. The suit alleged in the preceding lines is but one point in case of which an infinite series could be established and in my opinion it gives ample illustration to show what bad results might be gleaned from a toleration of such rank disorders by the common good.

For the sake of an apology some may urge a necessity of keeping pace with the rapid progress of fashions; but they should remember that all progress within the sphere of foppery means swift retrogression and that to ornament and raise an object in value is the work of genius; but to distort it in the attempt is the effect of folly, and what is now considered a success in civilization is but a disfigured relic of that admirable courtesy which prevailed in those memorable ages when man and woman regulated their aspirations according to their stations in life. We find it easy to comprehend why this frivolous phantom, the offspring of bad taste and corruption of morals, found an unobstructed passage into the minds and hearts of the people in general, when we give but moderate reflection to the showy absurdities cherished and constantly advocated by the unaccountable humors in mankind. If only this species of humanity were conscious, what a mortification it would be to them to know that, setting themselves to view, is exposing themselves and that they grow contemptible by being too conspicuous.

All this and even more may be said about our modern fop when he struts along the pavements peacock-like with an air on his face expressive of pretensions to high company. On the whole he is totally engaged in thinking of himself and believes he is favorably impressing all with whom he comes in contact; but he would soon slink from sight if he were aware that he is utterly despised by all men of good breeding and extremely repugnant to their company. He is moreover de-

void of all the requisites necessary to a gentleman such as uprightness, candor, modesty, common sense and truth; but on the contrary he is of a melancholy, forward and unamiable nature. If you address him he will throw back his head and look mild, but the slightest opposition offered to his designs on your part will give him occasion to overwhelm you with terrible eruptions of tempestuous villainy. All these uncomely demerits he is reluctant to abjure for he is pleased to imagine himself agreeable; yes agreeable to the frivolities now prevalent, but it were better for him to study how to be pleasing according to the maxim: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"; then he will be agreeable if not to all, yet at least according to the demands of duty and charity.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.

REFLECTION.

Like the mighty oak that springs
From a brown acorn small
So oft repeat'd thought on trivial things
Saved nations from their fall.

T. F. K. '01.

LOVE.

WHAT is it that makes life tolerable and pleasant amid all its trials and tribulations? Neither wealth nor riches, neither the splendors of the courts and palaces, nor honor, reputation and knowledge. These may be desirable possessions, but they often degrade and embitter happiness. There is one element of the human heart, that brings bliss to all cravings of the soul—love. Vast and comprehensive is the idea of love, which to fully investigate would fill volumes.

Wherever we find intelligence, there love also exists; the utter absence of love constitutes hell itself. Heaven is love in its purity and perfection. Love is the firmest tie of society. "It streams all hearts and ignites them coming within the circle of its influence." It emanates from God the author of all good. But what is this powerful element? An adequate definition of it was never yet given by finite minds; because God is love. By some it is defined as a generic passion, the species of which are desire and delight; as a virtue in its most transcendental sense it is the excellence of love infused by God; from its ethical standpoint, it is the habitual tendency of the lover to benefit the beloved.

Charity, philanthropy, friendship are terms which have love for their basis. Of these charity has the widest field teaching the great command-

ment of God: To love God in Himself as the one Supreme Being Who created all things. Charity is the nobility of love, for its motive is God Himself, His perfection and amiability, and its objects are God, ourselves and our neighbor.

Philanthropy is the love of men. It gives life and action to the golden rule; which embodies a negative and a positive proposition. On the one hand it forbids to injure; on the other it commands to benefit our neighbor. Impending dangers of injuries inflicted either on the soul, body or intellect must be prohibited. Who would allow his dearest friend to freely drink the poisonous cup of error and evil opinions? Who would not divert him from following the footprints of scandalous men, or ward off the objects ruinous to health of mind and body. A lover is a shield protecting the possessions of those near and dear to him. He fights against slanders, detractions and calumnies, or against whatever is hurtful to a good name and reputation.

Christian philanthropy commands us to love even our bitterest enemies. Every man has a natural right to the love of his neighbor, in as much as all men have the same origin and destiny and all have alike an immortal soul. Must then the vilest of men, the most degraded characters, remain unresisted and run wild in persecuting the peaceful? Indeed not; no one will tolerate a wolf among a flock of sheep or leave an agent of the devil rage at pleasure among the weak and harmless. The violent encroachments upon the rights of others must be depressed; every individual may

exact reparation through the proper authority. Private defence, or retribution of evil for evil is never allowed in any society.

A distinction must be drawn between love itself and its external manifestation, between quality and quantity or intensity of love. Intensity of love appears most strikingly in friendship, the relation of mutual esteem existing permanently between two and sometimes also, though more rarely, among more persons. It puts aside so to say, their individuality combining their mutual existence into unity. Friendship is the ennobling of life, a consolation in misfortune, a happiness in time of plenty. But its greatest advantage is, that it greatly unburdens the difficulty of attaining virtue by warning and blaming, by mutual encouragement and praise.

The contemplation of love is on one hand despairing on the other most interesting. How terrible is the disappointment in love. Witness a man thus disappointed. His locks grow gray of grief; his entire facial expression speaks confusion. A hideous worm gnaws on him with poisonous teeth. On the other hand how pleasing is love! Behold the smiling faces of mother and child. Joyful love sparkles in the eyes of the loving, "and motions reveal what words are unable to utter". A spectacle of enviable joy and happiness! "Love cannot die like flowers and soulless dew." It belongs to the things that never pass away.

S. M. '01.

THE HISTORIC AGES.

THE term Ages, in its general acceptation, is used to designate various epochs in the civilization of mankind. Studying the several Historical Ages, we find them very differently classified. However to avoid confusion, I will only mention the two principal divisions often met with in books and conversation, inserting likewise a few other separate periods or Ages, of which now and then mention is made.

The first of the two principal divisions is that of the Ancients, especially of Hesiod and Ovid. The Golden age was the first in order, and synchronous with the reign of Saturn. It was a period of patriarchal simplicity, when the earth yielded its fruits spontaneously and spring was eternal. Its race suffered from no bodily infirmities, passed away in a gentle sleep, and became after death guardian demons of this world. The second æon, called the Silver age and governed by Jove, was a degenerate time, in which the seasons were first divided, agriculture took its rise, and men began to hold property in land. The third, or Brazen race, still more degraded, was warlike and cruel, and perished at last by internal violence. Next came the Heroic race, or age. It was a marked advance upon the preceding, its members being the heroes that fought around the walls of Troy. The fifth, to which the poet supposes himself to belong, styled the Iron or Plutonian age was a

time when justice and piety had disappeared from the face of the earth. Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, follows Hesiod exactly as to nomenclature and very closely as to substance. He makes the degeneracy continuous, however, by omitting the Heroic age.

The second principal classification is that employed by the European Archaeologists. These scientists have divided the prehistoric period into three different parts: first, the age of Stone, so called because men are supposed to have been at that time unacquainted with the use of metals, and to have made their rude implements for chase and husbandry exclusively of stone; secondly, the age of Bronze, when a medley of copper and tin was employed; and lastly, the age of Iron, when men began to manufacture and use iron implements as in our own days. We must bear in mind, however, that these ages were more or less contemporaneous, and not distinct, long successive periods, as some materialists, enemies of the Bible, would feign teach us, to prove thereby the great antiquity of man. Father Theine in his excellent work, "Christian Anthropology," writes thus: "The theory of widely separate ages for old and new stone tools is one of those scientific fancies, which further investigation overthrows." And this assertion he proves very explicitly and strikingly by numerous historic and scientific facts, by many geological discoveries, and by the investigation and experience of eminent travelers. All such facts, which are too numerous to relate here, are in diametrical opposition to the absurd teachings

and speculations of materialists.

Here it may be well to state that in our days the term Golden age, is often used to signify that epoch in the history of a particular nation, during which civilization and especially literature is supposed to have reached its culminating point. So we have the Golden age of the Roman empire under Augustus, while that of the Eastern or Greek empire occurs in the short but most prosperous reign of the emperor Marcian in the fifth century. In like manner do we call the third century the Iron age, on account of the many treasons, civil wars, and other calamities in the Roman empire.

But the best known of all the Historic ages are the Middle ages. This term is applied to a period of several centuries separating the ancient and modern epochs of European history; considered by some as extending from the Fall of the western Roman empire to the Discovery of America. To this same period, but especially to the ninth, tenth, and eleventh century, is often given the name of Dark Ages. To show whether, or how far, this last appellation is correct or unjust, would indeed require a special treatise. To vindicate them against such a calumnious charge, suffice it to say, that at that very time many learned men flourished who fanned the sacred flame of science, and that architecture, the state which is commonly considered a sure proof of an eminent degree of perfection in the other arts, blossomed with astonishing vigor.

To a portion of the Middle ages belong also the Feudal ages. They were marked by the

prevalence of feudal institutions and of the spirit of chivalry from their nearly universal establishment in the tenth century to their decline in the sixteenth. This latter century and the one following it goes also by the name of Golden age of the drama, in which this species of poetry was greatly perfected by the magic pen of Shakespeare.

Advancing a few steps we arrive at our own century, appropriately styled the Golden age of invention. It is an age in which man tries to free himself from the obligation of labor by wonderful mechanical inventions. Under the plea of benefiting mankind at large, he but courts adoration of self, and fills the coffers of the nobility whilst he pauperizes the lower classes in stripping them more and more of the means of gaining an easy livelihood. And though he has already discovered and analyzed the chief substances or elements of which all living organism is composed, yet will he always meet an insuperable barrier to invent but a single spark of life.

S. J. KREMER, '02

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

✎ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

TITUS F. KRAMER, '01, EDITOR.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '02, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

L. LINZ, '01.	C. MOHR, '01.
S. MEYER, '01.	D. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.
E. HEFELE, '01.	H. SEIFERLE, '01.
J. MUTCH, '02.	R. STOLTZ, '02.
M. KOESTER, '02.	E. WILLS, '03.
E. WERLING, '03.	J. WESSEL, '04.

EDITORIALS.

"Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave:
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?"

We extend to all our readers hearty greetings;
may the new year prove to you all prosperous and
happy.

The A. L. S. are not as backward as we were at first inclined to imagine. On Dec. 10th. they made their debut before the footlights and presented "If I Were A King". Needless to say their efforts were satisfactory to their auditors. Appear again!

Let every student upon his return from the holiday vacation kindly remember that the gala days now belong to the past. Pleasure and enjoyment must give way to work and study. These are days of greatest importance to all; as the semi-annual examinations are to be held at the end of this month. Let all bear in mind that an advance in their classes means a good grade for the last session's work.

We are often apt to hear foolish things in any and every station of life. Among the entire conglomeration of these nonsensical expressions none strikes our patient ear-drum oftener than the most silly of the entire lot, *have no time*. Now this will do for a person who has no greater ambition than to take *life easy*. Ours are nobler goals; and time there is plenty for everyone who knows how to economize this most bountiful and precious gift. May the new century serve the death-blow to all these idle terms, for in our opinion they are nothing but rugged side-tracks unto which an idle tongue will guide an idler brain when stern duty confronts it.

Another century has descended into the ravish-

ing whirlpool of destructive time. Nineteen cycles have now passed away since the Redeemer's coming. Though dead and gone the memory of this age will long linger in our hearts. Too many and too numerous have been the benefits it has showered upon us. Their effects will endure; some to the world's end, others till the rising generation discards or turns their course into channels more beneficial to their surrounding circumstances. It remains for time alone to tell; it is the highway on which they travel; and the twentieth century will now prove itself a rough or a level road for the works of the nineteenth, as these works answer the fears and expectations of the restless spirit of the human race.

Progress has been the watchword of the now dead age. Though it was ushered in on a ruddy stream of human blood, always upheld its usurped prestige by the mighty power of human blood, and was flooded out on a waving stream of that self-same noble blood; yet it has been an age of progress. Yes, progress if you will; but not in all and every department. The chief glory of its boasted progressive civilization, is the perfection which it has attained in the mechanism of cruel instruments of war. To slay quickly, decisively any number of enemies is the glorious end it has attained. The records of the last twelve months are ample proof. Let them continue their destructive march even in the 20th. century as they did in the nineteenth; such glory will yet receive its dooming death-warrant.

The greatest plot on the pages of its history, is the cruel extermination of weak tribes by their more powerful and more gifted neighbors. In this our own country is second only to aggressive England. We had in this sunny land a bright race of noble aborigines, the patriotic Indian. He loved his native hills and fought for them most bravely. First we stole his rightful possessions; then as a reward we slew him; now we make him feel most keenly his low condition, our government even refuses to educate their outcast children. This is indeed a deep and dark disgrace. The noble race is doomed. It will pass quietly out of existence, as sets the evening sun. A few righteous-minded souls will raise a cry of horror and all will be over. But woe to the conscience that bears the heavy burden—that spent the means wherewith it should have educated them to purchase the munition for their destruction. This is our blackest and deepest national disgrace which no glorious feat of arms, even in a just cause, no attempt, however heroic, to civilize and christianize distant heathen tribes and peoples, will ever be able to blot out.

In scientific discoveries and invention it has indeed been a marvelous age. But it has been science and invention pure and simple, The brain labored but the heart was silent. It has been the cold-hearted labor of the infidel and materialist who knows not, or at least will not know the Supreme Being; who, in his pride and self-conceited almightiness, does not even credit the divine faith

He has revealed to fallen, fallible men. If skepticism, atheism and infidelity are the mainsprings of progress then the last has been the only progressive age since the fall of Adam. But no! We had better mend our ways and then boast.

In this rampant, bellowing mob of evil-doers there has been at least one voice that sounded the keynote of the prime undertaking that might have shed an unfading luster on the deeds of this much vaunted age: that was the Peace Conference at the Hague. But what has it been? A mere childish farce. Its purpose was noble; but its results miserable. To convince yourself of the inglorious fact read the last two years of the world's history, and quietly and patiently swallow the bitter pill. There too often, will you find words that, had they been uttered by a pagan Attila or the blood-thirsty Nero, would have been heroic, but on the tongue of a Christian ruler they are godless, blasphemous. Such are the conditions; such the men that sway the destiny of nations. The only source whence glory and righteousness might have emanated, they have converted into a stream of shameless folly and injustice. May a true beacon guide, nay, thrust the leaders of the nations of the earth into brighter, more glorious paths. We will live in hope.

Literature during the past century has not been what it might have been; neither has it fallen into the lowest possible notch. In prose, however, the writers have been more prolific than in

verse; they have attained to the elevated height of Addison and Steele, if they have not, at least in some respects, surpassed it. Newman and Ruskin boldly stand conspicuous as the central and most brilliant stars, not only for their voluminousness, but also for their depth of philosophical arguments, sound thoughts, lucidity and happiness of diction. Their style compares favorably with that of any previous writer, not even S. Johnson excepted. Then, too, there have been minor lights of no mean or in the least despicable caliber. In talents none can be equal to the gaudy Macaulay, but others far less gifted have wielded their pen more carefully, and hence attained greater prominence. Carlyle too, in the very midst of all his clumsy eccentricities and rustic individualities stands on an eminence from which he cannot so easily be dislodged. Our own country has produced her Irving and Prescott, whose works are marble monuments of latent talents brought forth by patient industry, which will enter the lists with any other works to fight vigorously the power of time until its course shall be checked by the Almighty's word. In poets, whose fame has already been established, the past century has not been so happy. Tennyson stands head and shoulders above all other aspirants to the palm of victory. His has been a noble career; patiently he wooed the Muse and she gladly answered his calls. The duration of Tennyson's fame has already been established; it will die with the common death of all literature. Byron also created for himself a name. But natural genius that he was, he should

have rivalled Shakespeare or at least he should have far surpassed Schiller and Goethe. His life has been stormy and we fear so will be his fame. America is still too young. She has produced Longfellow, indeed a noble boast. But his career will not be long; he sang of American life as he found it in his own days. The Americans are yet too unstable, they are fast drifting from the times of Longfellow. New circumstances will surround them, to these they will turn their hearts; then the ideas and most cherished sentiments of "our most popular poet" will be buried with the past in the bottomless grave of oblivion.

In all this whirl of ambition and greed, there has been one division of men who have been progressive in every sense of the word. These are the firm and staunch members of the Catholic Church. Theirs has been a search after better and nobler things—things not of this earth—and they have succeeded. Pass back in spirit to the year 1800. Cast a hasty view o'er the primeval forests of this fair land. What do you behold? Few churches, here and there a solitary missionary dwelling in the bosom of the wilderness, patiently and unostentatiously laying the foundation of the glorious Church of America you behold to-day, extending from the roaring waves of the Atlantic to the verdant western shores at whose feet play the calm waters of the Pacific; from frozen Canada to the boiling Gulf. Such has been the advance of the Church, not only in this proud land, but in every quarter of the globe. In every

age since the appearance of Bethlehem's glittering star the Catholic Church has shed the brightest luster for the advancement of true, heavenly civilization. Her fold has always steadily increased, in spite of slander, calumny and unjust attacks. The heathen emperors of Rome sought to destroy her; the Protestant reformers, so called, sought to eradicate her; iron Bismark sought to subdue her; but all have failed most ingloriously. These all have passed away; the Church still stands firmly on Peter's rock, working out her God-given mission of salvation. And she will stand unshaken until that day arrives when o'er all the earth the crash of eternal doom shall re-vibrate from the valley of Josaphat. Though now robbed of her just possession by the unjust and ambitious rulers of modern Italy, she is to-day the most influential power on the undulating face of this wicked earth. Though a prisoner, Pope Leo XIII. rules and sways the destiny of the greatest power that a monarch can desire. But it is our earnest hope that the 20th. century will restore to him all and everything of which he has been deprived by the nineteenth.

EXCHANGES.

The Sacred Heart Collegian trips in upon us "Ringing, singing on its way." 'Tis a good number, this one, and we admire its holiday garb which is neat and tasteful; the journal's contents are equally finished and worthy of mention. The number of youthful contributors is unusual. For a college journal to contain articles by '04's and '05's is a rare occurrence. The author of "Penny-wise and Pound foolish" seems to write from experience. "Uucle Jack's Christmas Story" contains an apt moral. The author of "Christmas as Sung by the Poets", we judge to be a reader of wide range. But the contribution that pleases us most, and, without doubt, is the best, is "Home Again." The gentleman gives evidence of an observant mind, and clothes his thought in lucid language. True it is, our boyhood Christmas days will never return. The article all through plays upon sympathetic chords in our heart.

It is always with great pleasure that we welcome a new friend among us. This month the *Gregorian*, Cedar Point, Ohio, makes its debut; and judging from the initial number, the *Gregorian* has a glorious future before it. We must say to its credit, that it far excels other college journals that are its seniors by a score or more years. The standard set by the January number it will be difficult to uphold; great honor and credit to the editor and his associates who published this

month's journal. For the first number the subjects were happily chosen. "Greeting" is an article especially appropriate and makes a good impression at the very beginning. "The Classroom" brings home to us many common, everyday occurrences that are dear to every student's heart and memory. "True Greatness" is a valuable little article and shows the faculty of sharp discernment in the writer. But "Ambition," considering the author's years of experience is the best contribution in the journal. The gentleman places ambition in its proper place when he says, "religion and truth must be the guides of ambition." How often do we see the contrary to this. The editor is quite prolific and we hope his versatility will not forsake him before the close of the year. What we admire most in him is his earnestness and frankness in proclaiming his convictions.

We still have a faint remembrance of a journal, *Stylus* by name, that was formerly published somewhere in Boston; and yet of another that hailed from Worcester, Mass. commonly called *Holy Cross Purple*. Once upon a time they were regular and pleasant visitors to our sanctum. Considering the time it takes them this year to put in their blessed appearance, they must have removed their offices to some distant station on Mars, or perhaps Jupiter.

To all our friends we wish a happy, happy New Year.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, '02.

WITH THE ALOYSIANS.

On the tenth of December the Aloysians greeted their audience in our College Auditorium with a pleasant treat. It was their first appearance during this scholastic year, and we have good reason to congratulate them heartily upon their successful effort in the rendition of the drama, "If I Were A King." Unfortunately for them the play was not a happy choice, as it gives but little space for action, a quality for which the Aloysians have always been known to be eminent, and though their undaunted energy and vigorous zeal amply made up for its deficiency; yet these were incapable of removing a sleepy monotony which runs throughout the play.

The honor which all the participants deservedly share are justly merited, for the attempt at a play so difficult, could meet the crown of success alone by the support of untiring diligence and prudent conduct, neither of which were spared, either on the part of the actors or still less on the part of their Rev. Moderator, P. Hugo, in whom all their honors, successes, and achievements are centered. To him truly a distinct, warm, and just praise and esteem are due for taking upon himself all the burden of the tiresome rehearsals and showing himself ready to meet painful disappointments as well as pleasing success.

The following are the dramatis personae:

Genaro, the Shepherd King.....	J. F. Sullivan.
Ferdinand, King of Naples.....	R. Goebel.
Ruisco, Cousin of the King, and Conspirator.	J. Jones.
Don Gonsalvo, Spanish Ambassador, and Conspirator	G. Arnold.
Bozza, Major-Domo of the King's Palace.....	M. Shea.
Valario, The Shepherd King's Little Brother.	L. Monahan.
Alberto, Son of the King.....	V. Sibold.
Melchiore, a Courtier.....	J. Barrett.
Banquo, Overseer of the Shepherds.....	W. Fisher.
Cecato, Chief Shepherd.....	A. Lonsway.
Philippo, } Battisto, } Silvio, } Marco, }	Shepherds..... { J. Dabbelt. E. Cook. J. A. Sullivan. E. Lonsway.
Alonzo, General of the King's Armies.....	M. Oberting.
Verdi, } Beppo, } Lino, }	Pages..... { T. Monahan. A. Junk. J. Lang.
Stephano, Chief of the Brigands.....	S. Oberting.
Lucio, } Pedko, } Urso, }	Brigands.... { N. Keller. E. Lonsway. J. Cook.
Orazzio, } Marino, } Cerano, }	Courtiers..... { J. Lemper. C. Sibold. J. Yochem.
Leandro, the Royal Usher....	N. Keller.
Lupo, } Guido, }	Chamberlains.... { C. Ellis. J. Naughton.

The society still possesses one of its best actors in Mr. R. Goebel. The gentleman won the confidence of his fellow members at his first appearance and has ever since maintained it unimpaired. As King of Naples he impersonated the character true in every respect, and held the admiration of the audience to the end of the play. We hope he will continue thus and once shine in a higher circle.

Mr. G. Arnold stands equal in merit. He is

particularly distinguished for a good pronunciation together with agility and naturalness of action. J. F. Sullivan and J. Barrett deserve great honors for their strenuous endeavors. They were eminently successful in the impersonation of their respective characters. The A. L. S. possesses good actors who are now worthy of particular mention, and give promise of a bright future, in the persons of L. Monahan, J. A. Sullivan, W. Fisher, V. Sibold, J. Dabbelt, E. and A. Lonsway.

We extend our wishes to the A. L. S. and hope sincerely that it will not only maintain its present honor but far outstrip its former grandeur.

M. B. KOESTER, '02.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, P. Carlos, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, P. Hartman, H. Heim, B. Huelsman, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, N. Keller, A. Knapke, J. Lang, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, B. Quell, C. Ready, A. Rei-

chert, J. Sanderell, M. Shea, J. Steinbrunner, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, L. Wagner, B. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills, J. Yochem.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Barrett, W. Fisher, A. Junk, A. McGill, L. Monahan, J. Naughton, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan, J. A. Sullivan, F. Wagner, P. Wahl, J. Jones. T. Hammes, A. Hepp.

FOR CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, E. Hefelee, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, M. Shea, S. Meyer, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, R. Halpin, T. Kramer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, U. Fisher, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, H. Froning, A. Knapke, L. Linz, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, J. F. Sullivan, F. Boeke, J. Mutch, C. Grube, A. Koenig, W. Fisher, A. Lonsway, J. Barrett, E. Walter, J. Lemper, J. Yochem.

84-90 PER CENT.

M. Koester, E. Werling, E. Wills, C. VanFlandern, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, J. Wessel, P. Welsh, F. Didier, J. Dabbelt, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, N. Keller, F. Mader, J. A. Sullivan, H. Reichert, B. Huelsman, J. Sanderell, A. Hepp, H. Heim, R. Stoltz, J. Braun, R. Smith, R. Schwieterman, J. Lang, M. Oberting, C. Ready.